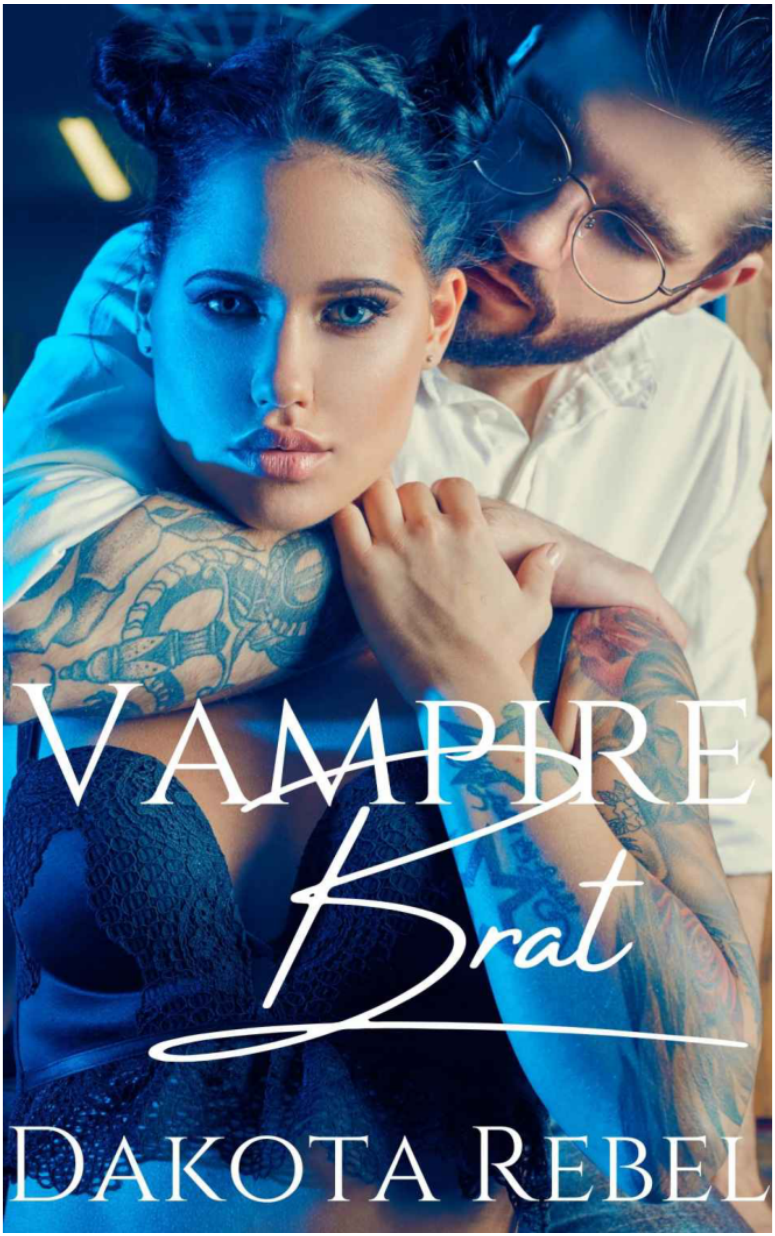

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Vampire Brat

By Dakota Rebel

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Vampire Brat
by
Dakota Rebel

When you've been alive as long as I have, you get pretty set in your ways, and very little surprises you anymore. But for me, that all changed the moment I met Mouse.

The shy, quiet man who picked me up at the bar, became a totally different beast when he got me alone.

Now, if I want him, I'll have to do something that I swore I'd never do with a mortal…submit to his desires.

If I don't, I'll lose him forever.

But if I do, will I end up losing myself?

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Vampire Brat

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Wanna hang out?

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I know, every author in the world wants you on their newsletter. And I do, too. I send them every Sunday and they are mostly just funny little dives into my life. Plus, if you sign up I'll send you a totally free book.

BOOKBUB –
If you just want to know when I have a new book out, this would be the easiest way to get alerts.

JOIN THE SQUAD –
If you really, really like me and want to legit hang out with me, come on over to the Rebel Squad on Facebook. I'm in there way more often than I should be, but we have a really great time. Lots of dirty memes, sneak previews and cover reveals. Plus, when I want input on what to write next, or what to include in a book, that's where I go. So come on in! We'd love to have you.

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Chapter One

"Excuse me, miss?"

I turned to see a young man standing behind me with his hands in the pockets of his jeans. He was blushing severely and biting his lower lip.

"Yes?"

"Um, my brother over there wants to buy you a drink." He turned and pointed to the end of the bar.

I glanced over to see a tall, muscular, blond guy waving at me.

"Then why didn't he come over here and ask me himself?"

"I don't know." The kid blushed again and looked down at the floor. "Maybe he's shy."

"Him?" I laughed softly. "No offense love, but you seem to be the shy one out of that boisterous group."

I had noticed the entire pack of them walk into the bar an hour earlier. They were drunk and loud and pretty obnoxious. All of them except this one. He was definitely younger than the others, by at least five years. I figured he was legal, but probably not by much. Nineteen, maybe twenty, tops. He was also a head shorter than the rest of the guys, which would have made him barely taller than me at five foot seven. He was kind of scrawny, with dark hair cut military short and big, wide blue eyes framed by the thickest eyelashes I'd ever seen. His glasses emphasizing the features rather

than hiding them. Basically, he was exactly my kind of man.

“What’s your name sweetie,” I asked him.

“Mouse,” he said softly.

“Mouse? That can’t be your real name.”

“No, my real name is Colin. But everyone calls me Mouse.”

“I wonder why.” I smiled.

“Because I’m so quiet I guess, and I’m kind of small,” he said.

“Yeah, I got that. I was being sarcastic. You’re not that great with people, are you?”

“I’m okay. I just don’t like to talk a lot.”

“Not even to me?”

“Especially not to you.”

His answer startled me a little. “What’s wrong with me?”

“Well, for starters you’re a vampire.” His face turned so red it was almost glowing. I could see the blood pumping faster up the vein in his throat. Cute and smart…sort of.

“What makes you think that?”

He gave me an eloquent look, somewhere between confusion and “you’re fucking kidding me, right.”

I smiled, making sure my fangs peeked out between my lips. His eyes widened but he didn’t step back, which impressed me.

“You’re not so scared you’d run from me?”

“I never said I was scared, I’m just not a big fan of vampires.”

“I see. And how did you know I was a vampire?” I watched his face to see if he’d attempt to lie to me. But he didn’t. Instead he leaned closer and whispered against my ear.

“I could smell you a mile away.” His tone made it sound sensual not offensive.

“And what do I smell like?”

“Peaches…and death.” He moved back and watched me struggle with my next words.

“Not very flattering, love.” I laughed softly, though not because of any humor in the situation. It was more of a nervous laugh. Which was ridiculous. I could have crushed the kid like a bug under my Manolo Blahnik heel. But something about the look he gave me made me question that thought as soon as I had it.

“It may not sound that way, but it wasn’t meant as an insult, and it’s not an unpleasant smell by any means.” He stepped closer again. To casual observers, it must have looked like he was trying to dance with me. Slowly moving forward and back. Touching me then not. As if he couldn’t make up his own mind what to do with me.

“You might be a little strange, Mouse.”

“Probably a lot, actually.” He smiled at me, and it brightened his face, making him look even younger.

“Probably.” I reached for his hand, but he backed up quickly, both hands back in his pockets.

“Anyway, Jake just wanted me to tell you he thinks you’re

hot. So, what should I tell him?"

"Why don't you tell him that I think *you're* hot." I sipped my drink while I watched for a reaction. And I wasn't disappointed.

He started to walk away but stopped quickly. He turned back to me with a half-smile on his lips. "I don't think I want to tell him that."

"Tell him whatever you like then. But if I take anyone home with me tonight, it's going to be you." I turned back to the bar.

I felt him hesitate for a minute before he walked back to his friends. I kept my eyes forward. It took every ounce of willpower I had not to look down the bar when noise exploded from their end of it. After much catcalling and laughing, things settled down. I sipped my wine while I waited for Mouse to come back to me.

I don't know how I knew he would, but I did. Something about the way he'd looked at me told me he *would* be coming home with me tonight. And I think I kind of knew he would stay. I also knew there was something different about this kid. Some secret lurking just beneath his quiet veneer, something dark and maybe a little violent.

When I felt him walk back up to me, I dropped a twenty-dollar bill on the bar and stood. He never said a word, just followed me to my car, got in the passenger seat and waited to see where I took us.

He didn't seem nervous anymore, which surprised me a little. He'd been so shy in the bar, but once we were alone in the car, he was just stoic. He already knew I was a vampire. I wasn't sure how, but he knew, and he didn't seem worried that I would hurt him in any way.

This kid was odd.

“So, do I get to know your name?” His voice shattered my thoughts, bringing me back to the situation at hand.

“It’s Kit.”

“Nice. Is it short for anything?”

“If it is, I don’t remember. I’ve been just Kit for centuries. So, Mouse, how did you know I was a vampire? And don’t give me that smell story again. You knew as soon as you saw me. I’d like to know how.”

“I used to be a vampire hunter.”

I slammed on the brakes, stopping the car in the middle of the road and getting some pretty magnificent cuss words thrown at me by people flying around us. I stared over at him incredulously.

“Sorry,” he said a little sheepishly. “I guess I should have told you that before, huh?”

“You think? What do you mean you *used* to be a hunter? You can’t be more than twenty.”

“I’m thirty-seven,” he said. “I got infected on my last hunt. Some lackeys of the master I was hunting decided it would be fun to see what would happen if they forced me to drink their blood.”

“How many?”

“Seven.”

“Fuck. And you survived it?”

“Yeah. I was sick for a long time though. I was lucky they didn’t decide to try to turn me. I think they would have if my

brother hadn't ridden to my rescue and gotten me out of there in time."

I started driving again. It was getting late, and I wasn't really sure anymore how the night was going to end for us. But I wanted to be home just in case.

"What happened?"

"I gained some of their powers. But I'm still human. We run tests every six months to make sure things are still going okay. My aging has obviously slowed to a crawl, I am stronger than a normal human, and I have great night vision. Plus, I can sense vampires from about a mile away now."

"You said *we* run tests, who is we?"

"The Army."

I looked over at him and smirked. The Army had started recruiting hunters about a decade ago. Everyone I'd ever come across looked as if they would snap in half if the wind blew too hard. They also looked as if they would be afraid of their own shadows. "Figures."

"What does that mean?"

"Nothing. You just look the part is all. Are you still mortal?"

"Well, we haven't really wanted to test that particular theory." He laughed, but it was a bitter laughter.

"We aren't all assholes you know."

"I know." He reached over to cover my hand with his and gave it a light squeeze. "I wouldn't be here if I believed you were at all like that. I probably wouldn't have stopped hunting if you were

all evil bastards. But I've actually met some pretty decent vamps."

"Am I a decent vamp?"

"I'll let you know."

"You seem a lot more confident now than at the pub," I said.

"I don't like being in groups. I do better one on one."

"Then why were you out with that crowd?"

"It's my brother's birthday. He conned me into coming out with him tonight. Then he talked me into talking to you. And now here I am."

"Jake is your brother? Is he pissed that I took you home instead of him?" I glanced over at him for a second before turning back to the road.

"No. He didn't really like you, that was me. He knew I wanted to talk to you and that I wouldn't if he didn't make me." He shrugged.

"But you knew I was a vampire. Why would you be interested in me?"

"I told you, I don't hate all vampires. Besides, I can't really date normal girls anymore, so I've been looking for a nice Irish vampire girl to take me home with her. Someone with dark hair, tattoos on her pale skin and pointy eyeteeth. And there you were, a beautiful vampire just waiting for me. Perfect."

"You're fucking with me, aren't you?"

From the corner of my eye I saw him smile. "Maybe a little. But I do like you, even if I can't explain why. I sensed you when we

walked into that bar and when I finally saw you…I don't know, I just knew. You know?"

Strangely enough I did know. I liked him, too. There was no real explanation as to why, but I did. Sometimes that happens with vampires. The more romantic of our kind call it soul mates. I just call it the luck of the draw.

We got to my house a little after midnight. The hills around the mansion were shrouded in darkness by this time of night. There wasn't even a moon to show off the land. On nights when the moon was full, the view still made me pause to stare at its beauty.

I showed him into the sitting room and sat on the sofa while he walked around the room checking out what he called my "antiques."

"You know, to me they're just possessions? I don't really buy things realizing they'll age as I do." I smiled when he blushed a little.

"Sorry. I didn't really think of it that way."

"It's okay. Why don't you come sit down?" I patted the seat next to me.

"Why don't you come over here?" His voice had gone all husky and didn't really sound like it belonged to the timid man I'd brought home.

I looked at him for a moment. His gaze had hardened slightly and the pulse in his throat had sped up again as it had in the bar earlier. But somehow, I knew this was for a different reason.

"What are you thinking about, Mouse?" I whispered.

“I’m thinking about you getting off that couch and coming over here like I told you to. I’m thinking about kissing you. I’m thinking about making you take off your clothes for me and telling you to suck my cock.”

My eyes widened a little.

“What’s the matter Kit? I thought you liked me. You asked me to come home with you, remember? Are you changing your mind already?” He stared at me, standing his ground and waiting for my response.

The quiet, shy boy I had brought home was gone, replaced by a confident—not to mention sexy as hell—man, who seemed to have come here with a plan to dominate me.

I hadn’t been dominated by a man, let alone a mortal, in a very long time. I wasn’t even sure I remembered how to let someone else take control. Vampire women learn to own every situation very early after being turned. Submitting is not a strong suit for any of us. And I had been ridiculously strong-willed as a mortal, so after being turned I’d become even worse.

Now, if I wanted Mouse tonight, it looked as if I’d have to think on my feet and figure out how to let him lead me.

I stood slowly, smoothing my skirt down my thighs, surprised to find my hands were shaking a little. I walked over to him, standing before him with my chin tilted up slightly, my shoulders squared.

He reached up to softly caress my cheek. I leaned into his palm, but he moved it to wrap behind my neck. He grabbed a fistful of my hair, snapping my head back and staring into my eyes.

“Are you going to be a good girl and do what you’re told tonight?”

“I’ll try.” It was barely a whisper, but he nodded.

Then his mouth was on mine, our teeth and tongues crashing violently together. I wanted to wrap my arms around him, to hold myself tighter against his body, but I hadn’t been given permission. So, I stood with my hands clenched into fists at my side, waiting for his next command.

“Touch me,” he said against my lips.

Immediately, I ran my hands up his back and over his shoulders. He kissed me again, slightly softer but still full of passion and heat. His hand tightened in my hair, and he pulled me back again.

“No biting, and you do what I tell you to do,” he said. “Do you want a safe word?”

“No,” I said quickly. Probably too quickly. I wasn’t really thinking about anything but fucking him at that point.

“Just in case,” he said with a small smile.

“Okay, you pick. I don’t care.” The words tumbled out of my mouth, still without any real thought attached to them.

He kissed my ear and inhaled deeply before whispering, “Peaches.”

Then his mouth covered mine again. I ran my hands up his neck and wound my fingers in his hair, not as tightly as he held mine, but enough that he knew they were there. He pulled away to look at me again.

“Can you let a man dominate you, Kit? How long has it been since you weren’t in charge?”

“Decades. Centuries maybe. I don’t know how long exactly.”

“Can you do it? Will you do it for me?”

“Yes.”

“Where’s your bedroom?”

I took his hand and led him upstairs to the bedroom. I didn’t sleep in it anymore, but I had a maid who came in a few times a week to clean the rooms I didn’t use, so I knew the sheets would be fresh.

“This house is huge,” he said. “You can’t possibly need all this space.”

He kept switching between normal and dominating and it was throwing me off guard. I was pretty sure that was exactly what he was trying to do, which made it even more unnerving, though not completely unpleasant. It had been a long time since anyone had surprised me, and this guy was chock full of surprises.

“There used to be friends and family who lived with me, but now it’s just me and the ghosts. I don’t really need the room, but I’ve lived here so long I can’t imagine leaving. I like it here. Besides, the views are great.”

“Ghosts?” His voice held a hint of interest.

“Not real ghosts. You were a freakin’ vampire hunter, are you going to tell me you’re afraid of ghosts?”

“Not afraid,” he scoffed, starting to walk again. “But I don’t like them. I’ve seen a few and it can be very unnerving.”

“Unnerving, huh?” I smiled a little. “That’s a little of the pot calling the kettle black isn’t it?”

“What do you mean?”

“Nothing. Look, don’t worry, I’ve never seen an actual ghost in this house.”

I opened the door to the bedroom and led him inside. The curtains were open, so I flipped the switch to light up the backyard. I’d gotten spotlights installed a few years ago to illuminate the hills behind the house. There were no other buildings for miles around here, so the lush greenery of the countryside could be enjoyed uninterrupted from any room at the back of the house.

“This is amazing.” Mouse walked over to the window and stared outside. “It’s so beautiful.”

I smiled. He looked out with his hands pressed to the glass for a minute, not speaking. I couldn’t even see if he was still breathing. Then he turned to look at me.

“Beautiful.”

“Thanks. I don’t come up here very often anymore. But every time I do I wish I spent more time here. The view is part of what’s made me keep this house so long.”

“I wasn’t talking about the view.” He walked back to me and pulled me into his arms. “*You* are beautiful. I could stare into your eyes for the rest of my life. I don’t know what you’ve done to me, and I don’t know that I really care. I want you Kit. I want you so badly. But we have to do this my way, or I’ll go. Do you understand that?”

“Sort of. I don’t understand why, though I probably don’t

really care. I'm beginning to think it's you who's bewitched me. I haven't wanted a man this much in years. I don't know what you've done to me, Mouse. I feel nervous and silly."

He kissed me again. Only this time it was soft and slow and so sweet I wanted to cry. We stood in the middle of the room wrapped in each other's arms, kissing like we had been lovers for a lifetime. He felt so familiar, so warm, so much of what I had been missing. It was too comfortable. Too much. My mind was frantic, screaming at me to run away before I got any deeper into this situation that was destined for disaster. But my heart wanted him. My body wanted to stand in his arms for the rest of eternity. To allow him to hold me and kiss me and comfort me until we both fell to dust.

"Peaches," I murmured against his mouth.

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Chapter Two

“We haven’t even started playing yet,” he said, a small smile turning up the corner of his lips, but he dropped his arms and let me step back from him.

“I don’t think we’re playing at all.”

“You don’t want to do this? That’s okay. We don’t have to; we can wait if you need to. I don’t want to pressure you into anything you aren’t ready for.”

“No, that’s not what I mean. I mean, that scared me.”

He looked at me with a puzzled look on his face. He stepped towards me, but I backed up again, shaking my head.

“I don’t know you. I mean, we just met tonight. This has all been too easy, too familiar. Doesn’t it frighten you? Even a little?”

“Maybe a little,” he admitted with a small shrug. “But I knew when I saw you across that crowded pub that we were going to end up here. I already knew what I wanted from you before I even walked over to talk to you. You haven’t had as long to adjust to the thought as I have.”

“Mouse, this is going to sound stupid, really stupid considering I know better, but I think I’m falling in love with you.”

“I think I already did.” He grabbed my arm and pulled me against him. His mouth found mine again. It was as hard and fast as it had been earlier, but there was something more than sex behind it now. Some quiet agreement to let the night happen.

And just like that we both let ourselves go. There was nothing we could do to change what was happening between us or would happen to us in the future. All we could do was enjoy the moment and try to pick up the pieces later.

"Still no biting," he said coming up for air.

I nodded. It would be hard though. I'd been watching his pulse speed through his throat all night and I wanted to taste him. But he was the boss so I would restrain myself…for now.

"Get on the bed."

I climbed up on the bed and sat with my back to the headboard, my ankles crossed. He stood over me with a wicked smile on his face.

"Do you have handcuffs?"

"No," I said softly.

"That's okay." I heard a clanking sound as he reached behind his back. "We can use mine. They're Army grade so they should hold you pretty well. Lay down and raise your wrists up."

"No," I said, shaking my head as I crossed my arms over my chest.

"Excuse me?" His eyebrow raised as a smirk pulled at his lips.

"You're a fucking vampire hunter, you think I'm going to let you cuff me to my bed so you can stake me?" I shook my head again. "No way."

"If I wanted to kill you I'd have done it by now," he promised me, his tone so confident I knew he actually believed it. "Stop being a brat and give me your wrists."

Inside my head it felt as if there were two monsters warring for control. The monster that felt like me, strong and independent, full of self-preservation and self-worth. But the other…the other wanted to give ourselves over to this man completely. Wanted the freedom that came with giving up control, of giving in. And that monster was winning.

After a few more seconds, I finally slid down the mattress with my arms up, forcing myself to keep still as he wound the cuffs around the slats in the headboard. He grabbed one of my wrists then the other to bind me to the bed.

"Is that too tight?" he whispered.

I shook my head, not sure I could speak around the lump of fear that was lodged in my throat. From here, he could do whatever he wanted to me. I just hoped that he didn't have a weapon stashed in that Batman tool belt around his waist.

He climbed up onto the bed with me, his thighs straddling my hips. His face was inches from mine, so close I could smell the Guinness he'd been drinking earlier on his breath and a deep, muskier smell that was all him. He moved his face to the side of my neck and started to gently lick and nip at the skin. He bit down hard, making me jump and pull at the cuffs.

"You said no biting," I accused quietly.

"I meant that *you* can't bite *me*."

"Some people would call that *lying*."

He laughed then bit me again, not as hard but still bringing a gasp out of my mouth. His hands roamed over my breasts and down my waist. He moved his body lower too, trailing kisses down my

chest. When he reached the buttons on my shirt, he carefully bit off each one, spitting them across the room before continuing his tongue-guided tour of my body.

He nudged at me to raise my hips so he could slide my skirt down my legs. He threw it on the floor then spread my legs apart. I was glad now that I hadn't worn any panties tonight.

I struggled against the cuffs, wanting to touch him, but he glared at me, so I lay back and tried to enjoy the feeling of his hands and his mouth on me.

He moved up to place a pillow under my head.

"I want you to look at me while I eat your beautiful pussy."

He slid back down my body, using his hips to push my legs further apart. I watched him move, so much more confident than me at the moment. He knew what he wanted and how he was going to take it from me.

I, however, was a wreck. I felt like a virgin in his hands. It was strange to feel his effect on me. I barely knew him, and yet, it felt as if I had known him forever. Was this what fate felt like?

The sensation of his mouth between my legs snapped me back to attention. I looked down to see that he was staring up at me. His blue eyes flashed for a moment before he sucked my clit into his mouth. The suddenness of it brought my back off the bed as far as the bindings would allow. He forced me back down with a firm hand on my torso, but he didn't stop his hard suckling.

He pulled his hand down so he could ram two fingers inside of my drenched pussy. My hips squirmed but he didn't make me stop moving. He fucked me with his fingers, hard and quick until I

came screaming. My hands clawing at the bedposts while the cuffs dug into the flesh on my wrists.

He moved his face to kiss a line down the inside of my thigh. His teeth played softly over my knee and still he moved down. He slid off the end of the bed then took my ankle in his hand. He scraped his teeth hard over the bone, drawing a hiss from my mouth.

“Do you like that Kit? Do you want me to bite you harder?”

All I could do was nod before I dropped my head back onto the pillow. My pussy was still throbbing from the orgasm and my brain felt like mush. It was one of the most intense feelings I had felt in a long time.

He licked and sucked around my ankle for a few minutes. Drawing out the anticipation as long as he could. Much longer than I could stand. My body ached for him, as he seduced my feet. It was nice, very nice, but I wanted him beside me, I wanted him *inside* me, not sucking on my ankle.

I was just about to complain when he bit down. Hard.

His teeth clamped violently onto the sharp bone on the side of my ankle tearing an inhuman scream from my throat. Electric currents ran up my leg straight to my clit, making my entire lower half break out into goose bumps.

He looked up at me with a wicked smile on his face. He licked a drop of blood from his lip while he watched me.

I wanted to tell him not to do that, but after being infected by so many vamps in the past, I figured one more wasn’t going to hurt him. He must have agreed because he dipped his head back down

to lick another trail of blood off of me. The feel of his tongue was rough against the small wound he had left. I could already feel the bite healing over, but the fact he had caused any damage at all surprised me.

"What's wrong, love?"

"Nothing," I said quickly.

"You have a look."

"I'm just a little surprised is all. I would think that after what happened to you that you wouldn't purposely ingest vampire blood."

"It was only a little. And I don't think that's what surprised you anyway. Did you think I wouldn't hurt you? Or maybe that I couldn't?"

"There may have been a little of that too."

"Wow, you really are a brat." He moved up my body, his face was inches from mine before he stopped. "And so full of yourself. But don't worry Kit, I won't hurt you any more than your beautiful body can handle. I promise."

I nodded. It wasn't physical pain I was worried about. I could tell by the weight of the cuffs that I could break them if necessary. And extra human strength or not, a mortal man could never match the brute force of an angry vampire. No, I wasn't so much scared of him killing me as I was of him hurting me in some deeper way.

I didn't usually bring men home. I didn't think there was anything wrong with it. I just don't do casual. But he'd already proven to me that tonight was going to be anything but casual. The whole situation frightened me a little. In the several centuries I had

existed, I had loved before, but never so fast. Never with someone I didn't even know. It was all so new I wasn't sure how to handle it at all except to just go with it. To let it happen and pick up any broken pieces of myself later.

He kissed me, bringing me back to the present situation. I was quickly reminded that I was naked and handcuffed to a bed with a gorgeous man hovering over me. I was reminded that I wanted him inside me. The ache in my core became even more pronounced when he dropped between my legs and ran his jean clad erection up my sensitive slit.

"You know that we're just getting started, don't you Kit? I may want you, but I am nowhere near ready to fuck you yet. First you have to earn it. You have to prove to me that you want me. And you have to beg me for it."

"I don't beg," I said automatically.

"Then I guess it's going to be a long night, Brat." He climbed off of me and began removing his clothes. It wasn't exactly a striptease, but he was making it deliberately slow and erotic. First, he unbuttoned his shirt, dropping his hands behind his back to let it slide to the floor. Then he pulled his T-shirt over his head, exposing some fantastically chiseled abs.

He watched my eyes as he unbuttoned his jeans and slowly pushed them over his hips, gracefully stepping out of them. He stood before me naked, but thanks to the bindings all I could do was stare. Dressed he had looked like a skinny, gangly boy. Naked, his body showed the smooth muscles and shiny scars of a man who'd seen and done some scary things. He was perfection in a flesh wrapper, standing before me waiting for me to beg him to fuck me.

Unfortunately, vampires are not very good at begging. Oh sure, we want things, sometimes really bad. But we get in the habit of just taking what we want when we want it. I had a feeling that was his point tonight. That I couldn't just have him. The game was not so much about dominating me to obtain pleasure from my pain. This was a domination where he wanted me to let go of the power. I had to let him control the situation, the evening, even me. Fuck, I sucked at that.

"Have you changed your mind?" He had moved back to the side of the bed. "Have you decided that you can't really be dominated? Too power hungry to let go?"

"No," I said, my voice full of false confidence. "I can take anything you think you can dish out."

"I guess we'll see." He climbed onto the bed and straddled my chest. His hard cock was just inches from my mouth. I knew what he wanted me to do, but I could play this game too. I could make him think he was in control even if I knew better.

He gripped himself in his hand and rubbed the tip of his cock over my lips. I had a moment to contemplate letting my fangs extend, to show him he wasn't winning yet, but thought better of it just as he shoved himself in my mouth.

He tasted faintly salty with a hint of sweetness. He began slowly, rocking his hips, pushing himself gently in and out of my mouth. I relaxed my throat, waiting for him to move faster, to start ramming into the back of it. But he kept his pace even, pushing himself over my tongue, stopping just before hitting my throat, pulling out until just his tip was inside my mouth, then pushing in again.

I wanted him to go faster. I wanted him to slam himself inside

me. I wanted to bring him off with my mouth, but he had other plans for me.

I started to move my head in rhythm with his thrusts, but his hands moved to hold me still. He glared down at me in silent warning and I stopped trying, giving in to his desires instead of my own wishes.

“Fuck, you’re beautiful,” he whispered. He pulled out of my mouth and slid gracefully down to kiss me. His mouth locked onto mine making me pull at the cuffs to try to move closer. I didn’t want him to know I could break free, not yet, so I didn’t pull too hard. But the weight of the metal against my skin and the clanking of them on the bedposts made me whimper.

I felt his lips curl into a smile against mine. His hands tangled in my hair, pulling my head back against the pillow. He held me there for a few minutes, fucking my mouth with his tongue the way he had just done with his cock. A low growl escaped my throat as I shifted my hips trying to get him inside of me.

He got off the bed and walked over to his clothes. I watched him pull the cuff key out of his jeans before he walked back to me. He undid one of the cuffs.

“Turn around.”

I looked at him for a moment before doing as I was told. When I was on my stomach, he climbed over me and reattached the cuffs. He sat on my ass, holding me down, while he started massaging my back and shoulders.

I pressed my face into the pillow and tried to enjoy the feeling of his hands on me, tried to forget the screaming need to feel him inside me. But the more he touched, the harder he pressed against

me, the more pronounced that need became until I was grinding against the bed, surprisingly close to begging. Damn, he was good.

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Chapter Three

He moved off of me again and my skin grew cold from the absence of his heat. I turned my head to look for him, but he was out of my line of sight. The room had gone completely silent, and I started to wonder if he had quietly slipped out. He hadn't.

A quick, sharp pain exploded down my thighs as his hand connected with my ass. The sound and the burning sensation came at the same time. I jumped in surprise and heard him chuckle. Another loud crack filled the air as he spanked me again then again and again.

My pussy flooded with need at the viciousness of his hand striking my ass. The warm pain blooming across my skin made me want him more than his mouth sucking my clit had.

"Yeah, that's what you need, isn't it? You need some pain with your sex, don't you?" His hand came down on my ass again. "Answer me. You like being spanked like the brat you are, don't you?"

"Yes, fuck yes, I love it." The words tumbled out of my mouth before I could stop them. And I didn't really care anymore.

"Do you want more?"

"Yes."

He spanked me again. His smacks became harder each time they connected with my skin. Over and over again he spanked me. He spanked me until I swore my pussy dripped cum down my legs. I couldn't tell if it was sweat or my own juices making my thighs wet,

but I knew I ached for release. I wanted to close my thighs, to try to apply some pressure to my throbbing clit, but his knee had crept between them. He wasn't nearly close enough to rub against, but I couldn't press my legs together either.

"You're so wet I can smell you. You do like to be punished." His hands massaged my ass, applying deep pressure to the burning flesh. I hissed at the feel of it which made him spank me again.

"Hush." His voice was so commanding and stern. I loved this, more than I would have ever admitted to him, but it was so fucking sexy. I couldn't believe this was the same boy I'd picked up in the pub. All traces of his shy, quiet demeanor were gone now, replaced by this hardened man who was going to stay in control.

I'd been wrong. I couldn't win. I might be able to overpower him, but there was no way I would end up in control tonight. He had known exactly what he was doing all along. I could hold out for a while longer, but he was going to own me.

That thought brought an intense calm over me. The ache between my thighs slowed and it felt as if every muscle in my body relaxed. I could accept him and everything he wanted me to do. I trusted him. I wasn't entirely sure where that had come from, but realizing he was in control released something in me. He was my master now, and I would do as I was told.

"What happened?" He lay on top of my back so he could talk against my ear. "Your whole body just relaxed. What are you thinking about?"

"Nothing," I said. "I'm yours and I will only do what I'm told."

"Really?" He moved down to settle between my legs. "That's a good girl. Maybe you deserve a little reward."

He slid his fingers inside my pussy again, I was so wet there was absolutely no resistance to him. His thumb found my clit and within seconds I came. My hands clawed at the bedposts, and I heard the cuffs snap as I pulled at them.

“Those were my best cuffs,” he said, pulling his fingers out of me and sitting up quickly. “How the hell did you do that?”

“You shouldn’t have wasted them on a vampire,” I said. I turned over and grabbed his wrists, pulling him up my body.

He kissed me, his hands finding the mangled cuffs still around my wrists to hold me down on the mattress. He pressed between my legs, and I knew that I could maneuver him inside me with ease. But I didn’t. Breaking free hadn’t changed the rules. I would let him make me beg for him. I was too damn close to doing it anyway.

“Are you going to take me Kit?” He pulled away from my mouth. His hand gripped my chin tightly, forcing me to hold still and stare into his eyes.

“No. I want you to take me.”

“That’s not begging.”

“I know. You haven’t gotten me there yet.”

“Then I’ll just have to try harder.” He rubbed his cock up and down my soaked slit. “Hold still. Don’t fucking move."

I looked into his eyes and nodded. I gasped when he slipped partially inside me. It was just the tip of his cock, and if I shifted at all I knew he would slide inside me. But he had warned me, and I would obey.

“Wouldn’t it feel good to have me push all the way inside

your tight little pussy? Would you like my cock to spread you open? Do you want to feel me slam in and out of you?" He pulled out and smiled wickedly when I groaned. "All you have to do is ask me. That's all. Just beg me and I'll fuck you like you need to be fucked. It's not that difficult, is it?"

It shouldn't have been. I did want him to fuck me. I had wanted to feel him inside me since I had gotten him up here. But all I could do was look up at him like an idiot. I opened my mouth to speak, but nothing came out.

He pushed himself just barely inside me again and used his fingers to rub slow, hard circles over my clit.

"You're so wet and so soft. I just know you're going to feel so good gripped around my cock. Fuck, Kit, you're such a little brat. Why won't you just ask for it?"

Why wouldn't I? Because I guess it was difficult to voice what I was feeling. I wanted him so badly, it would only take one little "please," but something inside of me wouldn't let me admit to him he'd broken me so quickly. It was going to take more than a spanking and some sexy talk to get me to open up to him. It's just how I'm wired, I guess.

"Fine." He pulled out of me. His eyes glowed with some deeper power he hadn't bothered to share with me before.

"Are you sure you aren't a vampire?" My voice was soft, but I was glad it was even. I would not act scared of some vampire trickery I could do too. I felt my eyes glow in response to his and wanted to curse my lack of control.

"I'm sure. Not yet anyway. But we're not talking about me, we're talking about you and your power trip. Your inability to let

someone be in control, even once." He stood up and looked down at me, his eyes still burning.

"I've let you be in control all night."

"No, you haven't. I know what you've been doing, what you've been thinking. I know you think letting me slap and tickle you is going to be enough for me. That you can pretend to give yourself over to me but stay in control. I'm not stupid, Kit. And if you can't lose control, then I'll just go…because everything up until this point hasn't really meant anything."

I stood and walked over to stand in front of him. I knew he meant it. He would walk out, and I'd never see him again if I didn't ask him for what I wanted. All I had to do was say it. I took a deep breath and looked up into his eyes.

"Can I ask you something?"

"Yes."

"Will you fuck me?"

He looked a little startled. "What?"

"Please? You have been teasing me all fucking night and I want you so bad. Please Colin, please throw me on that bed and fuck me until we can't move anymore. Please?"

"Really?"

"Am I not begging hard enough?" I dropped to my knees to take his cock in my mouth and sucked him until he was hard and ready again, which really didn't take all that long. I let him slip from between my lips before looking up at him again. "Please, I want to feel this big cock inside of my pussy. Please? Do I need to

beg even harder? I'm on my knees, Colin. Please?"

He pulled me to my feet and kissed me, forcing me to walk backward until I hit the edge of the bed. I scooted backward under him as we climbed up onto the mattress together, never breaking our kiss.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Please, shut up and fuck me."

He didn't ask again. I wrapped my legs around his waist, and he slammed himself inside me. I wasn't quite as wet as I'd been a moment earlier, but it still felt amazing. I clenched my muscles around his cock which drew a hiss from him. His eyes were glowing again when he looked down at me and I could tell from the look on his face that mine were too.

He shifted my hips up slightly and I knew I wouldn't last much longer as the head of his cock found that special spot deep inside of me. He rubbed himself over and over that spot, moving much faster than any mortal should have been able to.

"Kit bite me."

"Mouse—"

"I said fucking bite me. Now."

I bit into his shoulder. As soon as his sweet, coppery blood flooded my mouth I came. I drank and drank from him while my body shuddered under him, and his cock pushed in and out of me. I felt his muscles tighten and he cried out as he came, too. I pulled away from his shoulder before I lost control completely and accidentally killed him.

He collapsed on top of me, his chest heaving and our bodies sticky with sweat. I wrapped my arms around him and softly licked at the two neat puncture wounds I had left on him. He growled against my neck, and I giggled. I didn't even know I knew how to giggle, but he made me. He'd made me do a lot of things I didn't know I could do.

"So, I'm guessing that being able to smell and hear really good aren't the only vamp powers you got, huh?"

"I may have left some things out." At least he had the manners to sound sheepish about it. "I guess you *can* beg a man to fuck you, huh?"

"That's not fair, I didn't know that about myself. You knew you had glowy eyes and could fuck like a dynamo." I thought back to something he had told me earlier. "You weren't kidding about not being able to have sex with mortal girls, were you?"

"Well, I can have sex with them, but I can't fuck them like that. I might kill them if I tried." He took my hand in his and brought it up to his mouth to kiss it. "Glowy eyes? Is that the technical vampire term for it?"

"I don't know. Everyone I've ever known has called them that. Don't make fun of me or I will kick you out of this house." I pulled my hand away from his to point at the door.

"Liar."

Okay, so maybe I was. Especially since I was now completely convinced that I was in love with him. And all I wanted to do was keep him with me for all eternity. Yeah, there was no way I was going to kick him out. Ever.

But something didn't feel quite right. There was a tension in the air that my begging hadn't cleared. It wasn't a fun, "my lover wants to dominate me" tension either. It was almost uncomfortable.

"What was tonight really about?" I pulled back a little so I could look into those blue eyes. I fought the urge to kiss him, to even touch him until he answered me.

He sighed, his whole body heaving with the effort of it. I knew this wasn't going to be the usual *I just wanted to have sex with you* talk. This was something big, something he'd been thinking about and not saying all night. This was going to be a talk we probably should have had before I let him into my bedroom and before I'd agreed to any of this. But we hadn't. So now we'd sit in uncomfortable silence until he was ready to spill it.

Without a word, we both moved to the edge of the bed, sitting with our feet on the floor. I watched him wrestle with his thoughts for a few minutes. He kept turning to look at me, opening his mouth, then closing it and staring back down at the floor. It would have been cute if I didn't have the feeling this talk was going to be important.

Finally, I couldn't take it anymore. "Spill it, Mouse."

"You said you could be dominated. But you knew that wasn't what I meant Kit. You knew I wasn't just looking for some cuffed-up song and dance." He spat it out quickly. He was still looking at the floor as he spoke, but when he finished, he glanced up at me.

Okay, so maybe I had known that deep down this hadn't all been about bondagey fun. But that didn't mean that I knew exactly what he was asking me for.

"Just tell me. Please?"

“I’ve dreamt of you. For months, I’ve seen you every time I close my eyes. When I saw you in the pub tonight it scared the hell out of me. I thought maybe it was a dream, too, until Jake slugged me in the gut.” The corner of his mouth twitched into a half smile. “In the dreams, I couldn’t tell you were a vampire. And while I don’t hate vamps, I don’t usually choose to engage in activities that give them the opportunity to kill me. Sex with vampires is incredibly dangerous for mortals, as I am sure you know.”

“Well yes, of course I know that.”

“How many have you accidentally killed?” He looked down at the floor again, apparently not wanting to look at me while I answered.

I thought about it for a moment. “Accidentally? None.”

He paled a little, but he stood his ground. He’d known what I was before we’d gotten here, I wasn’t going to start lying to him now. Being alive for centuries had taught me there would be plenty of time to lie later.

“I don’t think I wanted to hear that. But, whatever.” He sighed. “So, I met you and after seeing you in person, I wanted you even more than I’d ever wanted you in the dreams. But you frighten me.”

“Mouse, I wouldn’t hurt you.” I reached for his hand, but he stood and began pacing the room.

I watched him intently. I wanted to climb into his head and hear his thoughts. But at the same time, I had a feeling his thoughts could be even more frightening than my own, so I let that particular desire go.

“Maybe not on purpose. But I know vamps, and you guys have a different sense of what’s pain and what’s not. Anyway, that’s not my point. My point is that if I’m going to stay with you, if I’m going to give myself to you, I need to know you can give yourself up to me in return. That you can let me control you, that you can let go of the power and let someone else hold your reins.”

“So, all of this tonight wasn’t really you on a power trip over a vampire?”

“No, all of this tonight was to see if I could top you enough to still be my own man when I let you take me. I had to know, Kit. If you couldn’t let me have the power, then I couldn’t stay.”

“And now?”

“And now I think you feel the same way about me that I’ve felt about you. Now I believe I can trust you and you won’t try to own me or possess me. Now I think I can love you and survive it."

“You didn’t think about just asking me?”

“Vampires lie. It gets to a point where you either can’t help it or don’t even realize you’re lying anymore. I don’t hold it against you, and I won’t blame you when it starts to happen between us. I just know it will. I’m sorry I wasn’t willing to accept your word that you wouldn’t try to own me.”

“How do I know that you won’t try to own me? You’re a strong man.”

“I’ll never be as strong as you are. Even if I let you turn me into a vampire, which I haven’t decided yet, you’ll always be the stronger of us.”

I stared at him. Quickly, I flipped back through the

conversation in my head to see if I'd missed something, but I hadn't. He'd been purposely vague since we'd started talking. This was the first he'd said about me turning him.

"Don't look at me like that." His voice held a hint of laughter, but it wasn't happy. "You didn't see this coming? Or don't you want to turn me?"

"I hadn't really thought about it," I admitted. "I figured with the way you felt about vamps, we'd end up having some fun and you'd leave. Or I would. I didn't think we would stay together."

"Oh. Well, if you just wanted some fun then that's fine. I thought…I'm sorry. I…wow, I feel like an idiot. Do you want me to go?" His hands were clasped in front of him, as if he was suddenly aware, he was naked and desperate for some coverage during a very uncomfortable situation. I was instantly reminded of the quiet, shy boy I'd met only a few hours ago.

"Mouse."

"Yeah?"

"Shut up."

He looked up at me, showing me his eyes were full of tears on the verge of spilling. I stood up and walked over to him, taking his hands in mine.

"Colin, I'm not just looking for a little bit of fun. I knew when I first saw you tonight that there was something about you. I knew you'd be with me as long as possible. I've been terrified all night that you'd walk out of here in the morning and I'd never see you again."

"I told you I love you. I told you before we started tonight

that I did. Why would you think I would just leave?"

"Vampires aren't the only ones who lie. Men do it all the time."

He pulled me into his arms, hugging me tightly against his chest. I wrapped my arms around him, running my fingers lightly up and down his back. Some tension I hadn't noticed released from his shoulders, making it so we practically sagged against each other.

"I love you Kit. I really do. And I'd be honored if you made me yours."

I smiled. "But you don't *want* to be mine."

"Oh, I want to belong to you. I just wanted it to be my decision, not yours. So why didn't you turn me?"

"When?"

"When I told you to."

"You didn't tell me to." Now I was confused. "You told me to bite you. Which I did. A lot. You didn't say 'Kit fucking bite me then feed me your blood and turn me into a vampire while I fuck you like crazy.' So, I didn't. Besides, I wouldn't turn you into a vampire while you were fucking me. Gross."

"Why gross?" He smiled a little when he repeated it.

"Because you have to die then wake up a vampire. I don't really get off on fucking unanimated dead things."

"Well that's good to know. Does it hurt?"

"Does what hurt?"

"Dying." His voice had dropped down to a whisper and I

thought he might really be scared of it. His constant changes from confident to nervous to confident again would take some getting used to. But I had a feeling it would soon become one of my favorite things about him.

"I don't want to lie to you. Yeah, it does kind of. But not for long. And after you wake up it never hurts again." I took his hand again and gave it a soft squeeze. "Colin, you don't have to become a vampire for me."

"I don't want to ever leave you. And if I stay mortal then eventually, I will die."

"Well yeah, that's kind of how it works. How about this? You don't have to become a vampire for me tonight. We have a long time before you'll need to make that decision. We could have many good years of fun and sex and whatever you want. You don't have to die to get all that stuff with me. Besides, what if I turn you and ten years from now you decide that you hate me for it?"

"You say that like you know it happens."

"Yeah well, I was mortal once too, you know. And now I love being a vampire. I've seen amazing things, I've met amazing people, and I have a great life. But I didn't always think so. None of us have. You have to get used to it." I smiled at him. "You're still angry about what the vamps did to you." I held up a hand to stop the words I could see forming on his lips. "And you have every right to be. But I don't ever want that anger directed at me."

"I get that." He nodded and leaned over to kiss my cheek. "You're right. We don't have to decide tonight." He climbed off the bed and retrieved the cuff key from the floor where he'd dropped it earlier. "Do you want those off now?"

I held my wrists out so he could take the broken metal off of me. I rubbed at the grooves it had left in my skin when I had pulled at them. He kissed the small wounds, running his tongue over them, then sliding my hand down to take one of my fingers in his mouth. I sighed as he gently bit my fingertip.

“You do like a little pain with your pleasure, don’t you?”

“Doesn’t everyone?” I batted my eyelashes at him, making him laugh.

“Only the cool ones.”

I laughed too. I leaned over to kiss him. I meant for it to be a quick kiss, but as with everything else that had happened between us that night, he had other plans for me. His tongue snaked into my mouth while he used his body to push me back onto the bed. He straddled my hips and ran his hands down my body, his mouth not leaving mine until I was good and pinned under him.

“I love you, Kit.”

“I love you too, Mouse.”

“Will you wait for me?”

“I would wait an eternity for you to beg me, my love.”

He smiled and kissed me again. I locked my arms around him, not ever wanting to let go. I knew that the sun would be up soon, but I had no desire at the moment to ruin the mood. When the time came, I would slip down to my coffin. But for right now, we would save his sensibilities as much as they could be saved.

“Do you have to go soon?” He looked down at me with a sad look on his face.

“Are you a mind reader?”

“No, just a face reader. You were thinking too hard and looking at the clock then the window then the clock. I was a hunter Kit; I know vampires and the sun are not friends. It’s okay.”

I kissed him again. “You’re going to take some getting used to. Will you still be here when I get up?”

“Do you want me here?”

“You know I do.”

He nodded. I kissed him before pushing him to move off of me. He rolled onto his back with a sigh. Missing him already, I bent over to pick up my skirt and squealed in surprise when his hand connected with my ass. I whirled around to see him grinning like an idiot behind me.

“You know, perhaps tomorrow we’ll see what kind of pain *you* like with your sex there, lover boy,” I playfully threatened.

He didn’t look at all worried. “Promises, promises,” he said with a laugh. “Good night Kit.”

“Goodnight love.”

I walked out of the room, closed the door and sighed.

Ah yes…Maybe the others were right about all of this soul mate business. Or maybe I was just the luckiest brat in the world.

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Epilogue

Five Years Later…

"Excuse me, miss?"

I turned to see a handsome young man standing behind me, his hands in the pockets of his jeans and a small smile pulling at his lips.

"Yes?"

"My brother over there would like to buy you a drink," Jake said, and I could see the tension in his features as he fought not to roll his eyes.

"Really?" I leaned over to see Mouse sitting at the end of the bar, a wide grin showing off his perfect teeth. "Well, why don't you tell my husband that it's boys night and I'm not here to spoil your fun. But yes, he can buy me a drink."

"You vampires are fucking weird," Jake muttered as he walked away.

Mouse and I winked at each other as his brother made his way back over to him, and I let out a soft sigh as I turned back to face the bar again.

It had taken Jake a few months to get used to the idea that not only were Mouse and I staying together, but we'd both agreed that we'd be better off if I turned my husband into a vampire.

We'd known from our first night together that we were in

love. Fate or the universe or luck or whatever had sent us to each other, and that was a gift that neither of us ever took for granted. So, neither of us wanted to risk something happening that could take him away from me.

Now we were all one big happy family. Well…we were family anyway.

I hadn't realized Jake and Colin were going to be at this bar, or I'd have stayed away. Colin was going to talk to Jake about letting us turn him, too. And I had a feeling that conversation wasn't going to go how my husband wanted it to.

It was hard for vampires to watch their family grow old and pass on. There weren't many of us that hadn't tried to convince those we loved to come to the dark side with us. But it almost never happened.

Most people were content to stay human. To live and to die as they were born. I could respect that. But Mouse was still young, and Jake was the only family he had, other than me of course. So if he wanted to try, I would do whatever he needed me to do to help.

The bartender came over with a fresh drink, courtesy of my husband, and I downed it quickly, wanting to get home to wait for Mouse so we could either celebrate or commiserate on Jake's decision.

Even if his brother didn't agree to it immediately, we'd have years left ahead of us to keep trying. I just wanted Mouse to be happy.

Because he'd done nothing but make me happy for five years, and I knew that would continue for the rest of eternity.

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About the Author

Dakota believes that love is love and it happens in a flash. Whether it starts with action and adventure and adrenaline...or with just a glance across a crowded room. Happily ever after is never far away.

She lives in Detroit, Michigan with her favorite boys in the world. You'll never find her far from a cup of coffee that's going cold as she's distracted with shiny objects in her line of sight.

Dakota loves to talk to her readers and can be found at www.dakotarebel.net

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